Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Anne* mindeas well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe:

Miſ.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I
very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere be
the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you d

Miſ. Fords Well: I doe t
you to the contrary; O Mi
faile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matt

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it
ſpect, I could come to ſuch h

Miſ Page. Hang the trifle
what is it? diſpence with trifle

Miſ Ford. If I would but go
ment, or ſo; I could be knight

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? S
will hacke, and ſo thou ſhould
Gentry.

Miſ Ford. Wee burne da
perceiue how I might be knig
of fat men, as long as I haue
mens liking; and yet hee
womens modeſty; and gaue
ued reproofe to all vncomeline
his diſpoſition would haue
words: but they doe no more
gether, then the hundred Pſal
ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa
many Tuns of oyle in his belly
ſhall I be reuenged on him? I
to entertaine him with hope, ti
melted him in his owne grea
like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for lette
Page and *Ford* differs; to thy
ſtery of ill opinions, heer's th
ter; but let thine inherit firſ
ſhall: I warrant hee hath a tho

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22301) LONDON, 1630 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH